

# THE TRAGEDIE OF Othello, the Moore of Venice.

## Actus Primus. Scena Prima.

Enter Rodorigo, and Iago.

Rodorigo.

Ever tell me, I take it much unkindly  
That thou (*Iago*) who hast had my purse,  
As if y<sup>e</sup> strings were thine, should'st know of this.

*Ia.* But you'll not heare me. If ever I did dream  
Of such a matter, abhorre me.

*Rodo.* Thou told'st me,  
Thou did'st hold him in thy hate.

*Iago.* Despise me  
If I do not. Three Great-ones of the Cittie,  
(In personall suite to make me his Lieutenant)  
Off-capt to him: and by the faith of man  
I know my price, I am worth no worse a place.  
But he (as louing his owne pride, and purposes)  
Euades them, with a bumbast Circumstance,  
Horribly stufft with epithites of warre,  
Non-suites my Mediators. For certes, saies he,  
I haue already chose my Officer. And what was he?

For-sooth, a great Arithmatician,  
One *Michael Cassio*, a *Florentine*,  
(A Fellow almost damn'd in a faire Wife)  
That neuer set a Squadron in the Field,  
Nor the deuision of a Battaille knowes  
More then a Spinsters. Vncle the Bookish Theoricke:  
Wherein the Tongued Consuls can propose  
As Masterly as he. Meere prattle (without practise)  
Is all his Souldier ship. But he (Sir) had th' elections;  
And I (of whom his eies had seene the prooffe  
At Rhodes, at Cyprus, and on others grounds  
Christen'd, and Heathen) must be be-lee'd, and calm'd  
By Debitor, and Creditor. This Counter-caster,  
He (in good time) must his Lieutenant be,  
And I (bless'd the marke) his Moors ships Auntient.

*Rodo.* By heauen, I rather would haue bin his hangman.

*Iago.* Why, there's no remedie.  
'Tis the curse of Seruice;  
Preferment goes by Letter, and affection,  
And not by old gradation, where each second  
Stood Heire to th' first. Now Sir, be iudge your selfe,  
Whether I in any iust terme am Affin'd  
To loue the *Moore*?

*Rodo.* I would not follow him then.

*Iago.* O Sir content you.

I follow him, to serue my turne vpon him.  
We cannot all be Masters, nor all Masters

Cannot be truly follow'd. You shall marke  
Many a durous and knee-crooking knaue;  
That (doting on his owne obsequious bondage)  
Weares out his time, much like his Masters Asse,  
For naught but Prouender, & when he's old Casheer'd,  
Whip me such honest knaues. Others there are  
Who tyme'd in Formes, and visages of Dutie,  
Keepe yet their hearts attending on themselves,  
And throwing but shewes of Seruice on their Lords,  
Doe well thriue by them.

And when they haue lin'd their Coates  
Doe themselves Homage.  
These Fellowes haue some soule,  
And such a one do I professe my selfe. For (Sir)  
It is as sure as you are *Rodorigo*,  
Were I the *Moore*, I would not be *Iago*:  
In following him, I follow but my selfe.  
Heauen is my Iudge, not I for loue and dutie,  
But seeming so, for my peculiar end:  
For when my outward Action doth demonstrate  
The native act, and figure of my heart  
In Complement exterie, 'tis not long after  
But I will weare my heart vpon my sleeue  
For Dawes to pecke at; I am not what I am.

*Rodo.* What a fall Fortune do's the Thicks-lips owe  
If he can carry't thus?

*Iago.* Call vp her Father:  
Rowle him, make after him, poyson his delight,  
Proclaime him in the Streets. Incense her kinsmen,  
And though he in a fertile Clymate dwell,  
Plague him with Flies: though that his Ioy be Ioy,  
Yet throw such chances of vexation on't,  
As it may loose some colour.

*Rodo.* Heere is her Fathers house, Ile call aloud.

*Iago.* Doe, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,  
As when (by Night and Negligence) the Fire  
Is spied in populous Citties.

*Rodo.* What hoa: *Brabantio*, Signior *Brabantio*, hoa.

*Iago.* Awake: what hoa, *Brabantio*: Theeues, Theeues,  
Looke to your house, your daughter, and your Bags,  
Theeues, Theeues.

*Bra. Above.* What is the reason of this terrible  
Summons? What is the matter there?

*Rodo.* Signior is all your Familie within?

*Iago.* Are your Doores lock'd?

*Bra.* Why? Wherefore ask you this?

*Iago.* Sir, y<sup>e</sup> are rob'd, for shame put on your Gowne,  
Your

Your heart is burst, you haue lost halfe your soule  
Euen now, now, very now, an old blacke Ram  
Is tupping your white Ewe. Arise, arise,  
Awake the snoring Cittizens with the Bell,  
Or else the deuill will make a Grand-fire of you.  
Arise I say.

*Bra.* What, haue you lost your wits?

*Rodo.* Most reuerend Signior, do you know my voice?

*Bra.* Not I: what are you?

*Rodo.* My name is *Rodorigo*.

*Bra.* The worse welcome:

I haue charg'd thee not to haunt about my doores:  
In honest plainenesse thou hast heard me say,  
My Daughter is not for thee. And now in madnesse  
(Being full of Supper, and distempring draughtes)  
Vpon malicious knaueserie, dost thou come  
To start my quiet.

*Rodo.* Sir, Sir, Sir.

*Bra.* But thou must needs be sure,  
My spirits and my place haue in their power  
To make this bitter to thee.

*Rodo.* Patience good Sir.

*Bra.* What tell'st thou me of Robbing?  
This is Venice: my house is not a Grange.

*Rodo.* Most graue *Brabantio*,  
In simple and pure soule, I come to you.

*Ia.* Sir: you are one of those that will not serue God,  
if the deuill bid you. Because we come to do you seruice,  
and you thinke we are Russians, you'll haue your Daugh-  
ter couer'd with a Barbary horse, you'll haue your Ne-  
pewes neigh to you, you'll haue Courfers for Cozens:  
and Gennets for Germanes.

*Bra.* What prophane wretch art thou?

*Ia.* I am one Sir, that comes to tell you, your Daugh-  
ter and the *Moore*, are making the Beast with two backs.

*Bra.* Thou art a Villaine.

*Iago.* You are a Senator.

*Bra.* This thou shalt answer. I know thee *Rodorigo*.

*Rodo.* Sir, I will answer any thing. But I beseech you  
If it be your pleasure, and most wise consent,  
(As partly I find it is) that your faire Daughter,  
At this odde Euen and dull watch o'th' night  
Transported with no worse nor better guard,  
But with a knaue of common hire, a Guadeller,  
To the grosse claspes of a lasciuious *Moore*:

If this be knowne to you, and your Allowance,  
We then haue done you bold, and fauie wrongs.  
But if you know not this, my Manners tell me,  
We haue your wrong rebuke. Do not beleue  
That from the fence of all Ciuitie,  
I thus would play and trifle with your Reuerence.  
Your Daughter (if you haue not giuen her leaue)  
I say againe, hath made a grosse revolt,  
Tying her Dutie, Beautie, Wit, and Fortunes  
In an extravagant, and wheeling Stranger,  
Of here, and euery where: straight satisfie your selfe.  
If she be in her Chamber, or your house,  
Let loose on me the iustice of the State  
For thus deluding you.

*Bra.* Strike on the Tinder, hoa:

Giue me a Taper: call vp all my people,  
This Accident is not vnlike my dreame,  
Beleeue of it oppresses me already.

Light, I say, light.

*Iago.* Farewell: for I must leaue you.

Exit.

It seemes not meete, nor wholesome to my place